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Upon the POET LAUREAT's being
Expelled the House of LORDS.



Cibber R (the Wonder of a BRAZEN Age)

Always a Hero, *off* or *on* the Stage;
The other Day, in *Courtesy*, affords
His lovely *Phyz*, to *grace* the House of LORDS;
Quite free from *Pride*, he *humbly* condescends
To treat the *very smallest* PEERS, as FRIENDS:
With *Sneer* or *Grin* approves each grave Debate,
And *smiles* when *Brother Dukes* support the State:
On the *learn'd* Bishops Bench, looks kind — enough,
And offers good Lord KING a *Pinch* of *Snuff*.
Whilst thus he *rains* his *Favours* on the *Crowd*,
An old rough Earl his swift Destruction vow'd;
Regardless of th' *Imperial Crown* he wore,
Regardless of the *Bays* and *Brains* he bore,
A Voice as *hoarse* as SUTHERLAND's gave *Law*,
And made the *King*, the *Fop*, the *Bard*, withdraw.

O *Cibber* R, in *Revenge*, your WRATH forbear,
This *once* your *stupid*, *stingless* SATIRE spare,
And with *dull* PANEGYRICK *daub* each *Peer*;
Like rhyming *Bellman's Ghost* haunt their Abodes,
And *frighten* them with *Birth* or *New Years* Odes.
If banish'd *thence*, you *still* may *shine* at *count*,
There PEERS and SCOUNDRELS *equally* resort;
Unmatch'd in *all*, SUPERIORS never fear;
But since you're *Peerless*, scorn the *Name* of *Peer*.

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